

THE COUNTY RECORD

KINGSTREE, S. C.

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LAND OF THE SKY.

The Charms of Asheville and Biltmore—Tennessee Centennial Exposition.

There are no more beautiful or delectable resorts in America, at all times of the year, than Asheville and Biltmore, situated upon the lofty crests of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in western North Carolina, in the fabled "Land of the Sky."

Ever since the charms of this wonderful and most fascinating region became known to the traveling public, it has been the Mecca of all who love to dwell in the choice abodes of nature. And nature has indeed been exceedingly generous in the bestowal of her gifts in respect to the "Land of the Sky." Never was a country blessed with a more salubrious or equable climate; never was a country invested with such lovely, romantic and chaste scenery, as this marvelous region of the Southland. Sweeping with the eyes the vast expanse of nature on every hand, the grandeur of the creation—the growth and embellishment of cosmic life, rise up and unfold before the enraptured vision with imperial splendor, displaying scenes of the rarest virtue and enchantment.

Through the mountain ranges of the "Land of the Sky," the devious course of the beautiful French Broad River marks a succession of glorious vistas of cosmic life. The high-walled canons, or the tree-clad peaks standing sentinel on either hand form a wonderful setting to the sparkling river as it flows onward toward the sea.

The three famous resorts of the "Land of the Sky" are Asheville, Biltmore and Hot Springs. These may be considered separately:

Asheville is an enterprising city nestling amid the imperial ranges that mark the "Land of the Sky," and has all the indicia of a live and progressive municipality. It is distinctly a resort city, and is graced with numerous palatial villas, tasteful cottages and grand hotels. Its streets are romantic, tree-shaded drives winding about in the most picturesque fashion, and in the pretty park adjacent are the handsome homes of the favored inhabitants. The climate is singularly pure, dry and bracing, and possesses to a remarkable degree the qualities which tend to promote health and pleasure. The number of clear days is very high for the average year. In winter the climate is very mild, yet extremely bracing. In summer the charm of outdoor life is inexpressible.

The air is warm and genial, yet not oppressive, on account of dryness, and the nights are delightfully cool and conducive to restfulness and sweet repose. The great resort hotel at Asheville is the Battery Park—a magnificent home which exemplifies the highest degree of luxury and good taste. No words of commendation are needed for this famous house, standing proudly upon a noble eminence, of its sumptuous furnishings, or of its peerless cuisine or service. The fame of the house is world-wide.

Biltmore. This place is some two miles from Asheville, and partakes of the same general character, in respect to scenery, climate and general attractions. But the place takes its name from the imperial chateau of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, the most magnificent palace in America—a veritable rival of the royal abodes of the Old World. The splendid gardens and the great farm adjacent to the castle at Biltmore are worthy of a journey of miles to see. At Biltmore is a palatial hotel, entirely in keeping with the place, known as the Kenilworth Inn, an ideal place of abode, and the resort of the best people of the land. The equipment, cuisine and service of this now famous house are equal to the best high-class city hotels, and no effort is spared to maintain the standard of excellence in every respect.

Hot Springs. Situated in a charming plain in the midst of a vast wilderness—not far from Asheville and surrounded by the most beautiful peaks, is the little city of Hot Springs. There is the Mountain Park Hotel, a charming home for the health or pleasure seeker, and a most excellent sanitarium where the waters of the wonderful thermal springs are administered with the most excellent results.

The route is via the Southern Railway, with splendidly arranged and magnificently appointed through car service. Pullman Drawing room sleeping cars between New York, Washington and Nashville—where the Tennessee Centennial Exposition is now in progress—through the "Land of the Sky"—Knoxville and Chattanooga—Lookout Mountain, the scene of the "Battle Above the Clouds." The Norfolk and Chattanooga Limited, daily, between Norfolk, Raleigh, Durham, Greensboro, Salisbury (with connection from New York, Washington and Virginia), Hot Springs, Knoxville and Chattanooga. This train carries Pullman's finest drawing-room Buffet sleeping cars between Norfolk and Nashville, and elegant vestibule day coaches between Norfolk and Chattanooga. Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars are also operated between Jacksonville and Cincinnati through Savannah, Columbia, Spartanburg, Asheville, Knoxville and Harrison Junction.

Visitors to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville will find a visit to Asheville or vicinity most delightful and valuable. The Southern Railway now has in press its annual "Summer Home and Resorts" folder, containing a full list of the many delightful resorts, hotels and summer homes on its line, which will be mailed by the General Passenger Agent or representatives of Passenger Department to any address upon receipt of postage-tow cents.

"The Romans," said the teacher, "were good at bridge building." "I should say they were," murmured the boy on the back seat. "Look at her nose!"—Washington Times.

Cannibal king—You haven't succeeded in fattening the captive? The chief cook—He's losing flesh all the time. I think he's worrying about something. —Puck.

BILL ARP'S WEEKLY LETTER.

CYCLES AND CYCLISTS THE SUBJECTS OF SOLILOQUY.

AN ENJOYABLE TRIP TO CAROLINA.

The Philosopher Makes a Swift Journey Homeward to Be Present at His Help-meets's Birthday.

The bicycle has come to stay—at least until there is something better. Prejudice is passing away. I confess that I had it, but I am cautious now-a-days and made no fuss about it. Somehow I don't favor things that I can't do myself. I don't like to be left behind. One of our school board refused to vote for our superintendent. "I believe he is the best man of all," he said, "but he rides a bicycle." I was in South Carolina last week and found them everywhere. There were eighty-seven registered in the town of Blackville and nearly half of them were used by girls and matrons.

It is a beautiful town, as level as a floor and the streets look like they have been fore planned and sand-papered. The light, sandy surface is not much in the way of the wheels and the pretty girls wheel to school and to the postoffice and the stores and go visiting and take their evening excursions. They ride with grace and modesty and nobody objects or is surprised. There is a first-class repair shop there, where every broken or damaged part is mended and even plating in silver and brass is done. From this skilled mechanic I learned that it cost a man about \$5 a year to keep his wheel in order and cost a woman about \$1.50.

"You see," said he, "the young men take more risks and ride over the crossings on the railroad track, but the girls are more prudent and careful. Oh, no, it does not cost one-tenth as much to keep a wheel in order as it does to feed a horse. With careful usage a good wheel ought to last ten years, but the improvements come so quick and fast that the old style soon becomes a second-hand and is sold for half price and a new one bought. Like the sewing machines, the price will soon come down as the patents run out and then a good wheel can be bought for \$30 or \$40."

My next stop was at Bamberg, a live town on the South Carolina road, and the first thing that greeted me was a bicycle dress parade and then a tournament. Riders and wheels were all decorated. Some of the men were in fantastic array; the wheels were adorned with gay colors of ribbon and fancy paper. The company was forty strong and had its officers, who gave command, "Right wheel, forward roll, evolve, speed well, round the bend, wheels ahoy, slow up, dismount, salute your queen," etc. There were some young ladies in the procession and some men in female garb, but it took no Solomon to divine their sex. Bamberg is an old town made over, renewed and invigorated by the wheels and spindles and looms that hum day and night in a large cotton mill near by. This mill has brought good schools and artesian wells and new hotels and churches and many beautiful new residences. A cotton mill does as much or more for a town as a pension agency. The latter pours free money into a community, and free money goes as easy as it comes, but a mill distributes money that is earned. I saw more mills at Orangeburg and that city is on a boom. More mills are being built—built from the dividends of the first mills. The town is stretching out and putting on city airs. I wish it would stretch to that Coast Line depot, for it is an awful long mile for a man of my age to walk and carry a valise. I was told that a hack would come for me at half past 5 o'clock, but as it did not come, I walked for fear of being left. It was a little after daybreak by that eastern time and I had hardly got rested in the depot before the street car came rolling down without a passenger. What an idiot I was, but nobody told me how to do and I wouldn't have been left for \$10. But just think of it, I left at 6 o'clock and reached Atlanta at 12 o'clock—261 miles in six hours, 43 miles an hour, including stoppages. This was the fastest traveling I ever did in my life. I visited another town that is just taking on its second growth. St. George is a lovely little village that has recently been made a county seat and the people are proud, very proud. They are preparing to build a courthouse and expect that factories and street cars and waterworks and gas lights will soon follow.

"But right now," said my friend, "we have a town full of the prettiest girls in the state." Yes. His wife in Europe and every girl looks sweet to him. I learned that the town was named for a clever old settler by the name of George, but how he came to be canonized into a saint I did not learn. I met a Howell there—a cousin of Evan. He is editor, postmaster and general factotum and a rebel to the core. Our own D. B. Freeman of Cartersville, another editor, has proved his claim to the youngest soldier of the confederacy, but Howell pushes him very close, for he ran away when he was fifteen years old and fought at Vicksburg and Chickamauga and then got into a hospital at Rome and Dr. Miller took pity on the beardless sick boy and cared for him two months at his own home and then sent him home to his own mother.

But Barnwell, old time-honored Barnwell, quiet, peaceful Barnwell, gave me the most royal welcome. Those good people are not in a hurry about anything except once a year, and that is on the race track. They trot around that and talk politics and discuss Tillmanism and the dispensary on the way. What fine old gentlemen I met. A ripper scholar that Colonel Simons, a son of William Gilmer Simons, can hardly be found. A handsome man and a pleasant and earnest talker. Then there was ex-Governor Haygood—General Haygood, the hero of Petersburg. His solid, massive, benevolent face made an impression on me that will endure as long as I endure. But who would have thought of finding there a brother of Mrs. Lincoln—Dr. Todd, a leading physician and surgeon, a friend to the south, a life-long Democrat. He has domiciled there ever since the war and commands the respect of that people. I knew his younger brother, who was an untried rebel and was an aide-de-camp on Joe Johnston's staff. Is it not singular that all of Mrs. Lincoln's kindred were loyal to the south during the struggle? I remember that one of her nieces presented a flag to the Selma Guards when they started to Virginia. I wonder if Mrs. Lincoln's kindred were all traitors and guilty of treason.

But I am home again and happy—not that I was unhappy while away, but a feeling of rest and repose comes over me here that I cannot find abroad. I would never leave home if there was not a pressure of necessity, and I count the days and the hours when I shall return.

There has been another birthday in the family and I was bound to be here. My wife, Mrs. ARP, shall not close her sixty-fifth year without my presence. It is all over now—the morning kiss and a ten-dollar bill slipped under the breakfast plate was the best I could do, and I don't know yet which was most appreciated. She will spend that money on some of the children or grandchildren. Strange to tell, but it is true, one of our neighbors has the same birthday and is the same age and invited my wife to dine. Of course she accepted and found there a goodly company of matrons. There were nine of them and they were over 600 years old. No, I don't mean that; I mean that the sum of their several ages was 600. Some of their ages had to be guessed at, for they were widows. They talked principally about ante-bellum days and the times "when niggers was" and about the falling of the stars and when matches and steel pens and cooking stoves and kerosene oil first came and about the old high swung carriages their fathers owned and how the steps folded up in the door and were let down like a staircase and a little nig stood up behind and a big nig set up before on a dickey and was proud of belonging to "quality folks." Then one of the most ancient of these matrons said that kind of riding was all right and ladylike, but as for her, she never intended to ride a bicycle, no indeed—not unless they invent a side saddle arrangement, said another.

It was a goodly company and no rude man need apply. They discussed no gossip and had kind words for everybody and closed the happy communion with prayer—a good, humble, grateful prayer by one of their number. My wife says it was a day to be remembered and she has invited them all to meet at our house on her next birthday and spend another centennial. Amen and amen, say I, and may the good Lord take none of them away.—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

THE SAVORY ONION.

The Somewhat Despised Vegetable Is Useful and Wholesome.

Few realize that perhaps the most useful of all vegetables, to the cook as well as the housewife, is the savory and healing onion. Soups, sauces, chowders, made-over-dishes, in fact almost every meat or fish dish that is served, is seasoned with a few drops of onion juice, and one would wonder what was wrong if this juice was omitted. History classes the onion among the oldest vegetables known, and it is spoken of with deference. The onion was among the things the Israelites longed for while in bondage, and a tourist traveling through the eastern countries writes that it is not to be wondered at, as the onions grown in Egypt are most delicious. A celebrated medical authority says:

"Onions make a nerve tonic not to be despised. No other vegetable will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system, and they should be eaten freely, particularly by brain workers and those suffering with blood and nervous diseases." He further says: "Nothing will clear and beautify a poor complexion sooner than the eating of onions in some form."

If onions are prepared properly there is little or no odor from them left in the breath, and for lovers of uncooked sliced onions it is well to know that if a sprig of parsley is dipped in vinegar and eaten no unpleasant odor in the breath can be detected. With so much to recommend it the onion in some form should be found frequently upon the daily menu.

Onions should be cooked always in earthen or porcelain lined vessels, for earthenware is liable to make them dark-colored. If the onions are held under water while peeling there will be no shedding of tears. To extract the juice from an onion, cut a thick slice from one end of the vegetable and press the cut surface against the coarse grater, moving the onion a little and letting the juice run from the corner of the grater. Cut off another slice of the onion and repeat until you have the desired quantity.

Every sleeping car conductor wants a law adopted compelling the porter to divide.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Stage Carpenter's Presence of Mind Averts a Probable Tragedy—Two Men's Fierce Fight With a Couple of Sharks in Florida Waters—Saved by a Dog.

"In time of an emergency," remarked an elderly man in a group of talkers, "I would rather have presence of mind than a gun."

"I fancy the gun might do more harm than good if there were no presence of mind with it," admitted another.

"Which reminds me of a story corroborating the wisdom of the first statement," said a third, who on an appeal from the others continued, "Something like ten or a dozen years ago," he said, "I was in a Western town of ten thousand people or so, and it happened that a show was billed for that night. Having nothing to do, and not knowing anybody in town, I took in the show. It was a barnstorming troupe of Thespians doing a repertoire of blood-and-thunders, and the consequence was they had nearly a full house. Everything went along very nicely except the peculiar actions of the leading man, who seemed to be drunk, or getting that way very fast."

"As no effort was made by the management to suppress him, the audience after a while took a hand and began to hiss. This brought matters to a climax at once, and with an oath the actor stepped to the center of the stage, and whipping out of his clothes a pair of revolvers, he announced to the audience and the people on the stage in the calmest and coolest manner possible that the time had come when somebody had got to die, but that he was not yet decided who it should be. Somebody started at this, but he said that the first person who rose to go out would be shot. Everybody in the house seemed to be paralyzed by the man's coolness and nobody moved. I know I sat well down toward the front, and would have given up my place willingly to anybody who asked for it, but when I looked up at that cold face and those two guns pointing down my way I preferred to take chances on remaining as I was."

"For at least a minute the actor addressed himself to his trembling audience, and then deliberately selecting a conspicuously white-haired man in the very center of the house, he commanded him to rise and be shot. Otherwise he would shoot promiscuously into the crowd. At this point in the proceedings, I am willing to state without bias that I never was in the midst of so much suppressed excitement. For a second the house was as still as death, and then as the white-haired man began to twist about as if he were going to obey the actor's command, a woman shrieked, and as a half dozen followed suit and fainted the actor suddenly disappeared from the stage, nobody knew where, but he was gone and the panic was averted, though everybody made a break to get out as fast as possible."

"The curtain went down quick then, and the manager, white and scared, came out and announced that the actor had gone crazy over the loss of his wife, and that thanks to the presence of mind of the stage carpenter, that gentleman had hurried under the stage and pulled the trap on which, fortunately, the crazy man stood. The fall had rendered him helpless, and he was then waiting at the stage door to be taken away by the authorities."

"Which proves what I said in the first place," said the elderly man with an air of pride, and the proof was accepted.—Washington Star.

A Fierce Fight With Sharks.

Sharks are unusually plentiful and daring among the reefs and keys of Florida this season. The spongers and wreckers have great trouble in consequence, for their business compels them to do more or less work beneath the surface.

Two wreckers were out in a small boat sounding for a Spanish schooner that had foundered on the reefs of coral atoll near Key West, and while resting in their work they saw a pilot fish approaching them followed by two sharks. The water was calm and still and the big blue fins could plainly be seen cutting the water. Almost in a moment the foremost shark discovered them, and coming with a rush, struck the boat with such force as nearly to capsize it. The other fellow shot forward in a similar manner; but, glancing to one side, caught in its huge mouth the blade of one of the weighted oars, and ground off a large piece as if the tough wood had been so much cork. This it swallowed almost instantly; then describing a long, graceful curve in the water it turned about, and once more came charging down upon the boat. The men stood ready to receive the second shock, and the brute rushing with the velocity of an arrow sprang clear above the surface, projecting its jaws over the end of the boat, which was drawn down and swamped.

Having neither lead nor ballast, the light craft did not sink, but easily supported the weight of the two men, who nevertheless fully realized the perilous position in which they were placed. One of the wreckers, throwing his left arm around the mast to steady himself, struck outward and downward with the boat's ax with all his force. The blow fell fair upon the snout of the shark that had caused the boat to swamp and penetrated the flesh to the depth of several inches and laid it open to the bone. Meanwhile the other wrecker had all he could do to stand off the other shark. Striking out with a heavy handspike, he thrust the end of the implement between the jaws of the monster just as it rushed at him with wide-open mouth. The shark promptly seized the handspike in its

powerful grip, tore it from the man's hands, and, rushing off through the water, ground the timber into fragments and swallowed them.

Shark No. 1 was now rolling about on the surface a short distance away, apparently in great distress; and its mate, passing in that direction and scenting the blood, immediately pounced upon the wounded creature and tried to make a short job of it. But the wounded fish was not a dead shark by any means. There was an exciting scrap from the start. The sharks fought all over the waves, lashing and churning the water into foam, and gradually receding from the boat. There came at last a great splashing and a tremendous upheaval of water, and then both combatants disappeared from sight. The two men were rescued a short time later by one of the many sail-boats that are constantly darting in and out of the keys.—New York Sun.

Saved at Sea by a Dog.

The ship's company of the little French fishing brigantine Marie arrived at Hoboken, N. J., one night recently on the North German Lloyd steamship Muenchen. The Marie sailed from Granville for the Banks on March 24, with twenty-three fishermen under Captain Berri, the owner, or patron, of the little craft, Jean Dupan, and a big Newfoundland dog called "Noir," which in plain Yankee means "black." The dog is pure-blooded and was born almost within sight of the Banks.

The Marie ran into a good deal of rough weather when about in mid-ocean, and sprung leak. A heavy gale swooped down on her on April 15 and whipped out her foremast close to the top of the forward house. There were ten dories on the dock-house, and four of these were carried away by the seas that swept athwart her.

The brigantine then fell into the trough of the sea. Her nimble seamen chopped away the wreckage and got her head to the seas by using the main boom as a jury foremast and bending on to it a storm trysail. The storm subsided, but left a long swell, which after three days started the vessel's seams so that her pumps were unable to keep her free.

The Newfoundland was the only creature aboard that did not take any rest. He ran about the decks day and night, and barked with almost as much energy as the whistle of a steamship in distress.

The brigantine's decks were flush with the seas, when, on April 21, the Muenchen hove in sight. The day before a British steamship passed far to the southwest of the brigantine, but did not notice her. The dog howled as loud as he could, but the Briton was too far away to hear.

The moment the Captain of the Muenchen saw the flare light on the brigantine's decks he ordered two boats manned and swung from the davits to rescue the hapless fishermen. They were not needed, as the Frenchmen had already left their vessel in their dories. One careless sailor fell overboard while getting into a dory. He might have drowned had it not been for the big Newfoundland, which leaped into the sea and grabbed the fisherman by the blouse, holding him up until his shipmates came alongside him and hauled him aboard.

She Rode a Wild Steer.

Miss Edgewood, of Le Raysville, Penn., is an intrepid horsewoman, and likes nothing better than riding a fiery mustang over the hills and down the ravines. The other day, however, she became tired of this wild sport of wrestling with a bucking broncho and rode a wild steer by way of variety.

In company with a number of cattle-men she had been chasing a steer that was particularly wild and fleet-footed. The young lady laughed at the men, who seemed afraid of the animal, and smilingly challenged them to throw a rope over the animal's head and ride him. They declined with thanks. She then lassoed the animal herself, and, running up to it, deftly tied a rope around its head and neck, and then told the men to let him loose.

This they did reluctantly, and the enraged steer was quickly on his feet, but equally as quick the girl was on his back. Then began a ride that beat old Paul Revere's by some seconds. For half an hour it was continued—over hill and dale, through brush and gorges—the girl always hanging on like a burr. Finally the steer completely gave out, and the girl led him to her home in triumph.

A Man Attacked by Frogs.

For some time Elmer Cantor, of Union, N. Y., has noticed a peculiar taste to the water in his well, and one day recently he determined to clean it. William Forbes was engaged to pump it out, and after draining off as much water as possible he descended into the well. Suddenly Cantor heard a loud commotion in the water and a muffled cry for help. He thought the man had been overcome by gas and hurried down to find a squirming mass on the water, with which Forbes was battling. On projecting stones above his head and in the water around him were thousands of frogs. Some were monstrous fellows, and it seemed as though they had made a preconcerted attack.

They were leaping upon his head and shoulders from all directions, and he was covered with a slime that gave forth a sickening odor. It was with some difficulty that he was rescued from his perilous position, and had he remained in the water a short time longer he would have sunk helpless to the bottom. It is supposed the frogs reached the well from a pond by means of an underground channel.

The cost of producing tea in India, as based upon the operation of forty companies, is fifteen cents a pound.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

A Bit of Criticism—Amusing—Woman's Mysterious Guide—A Great Bore—His Line—Time Filled Up—Similar Symptoms.

The rainbow's wholy out of date, As modern art it cannot serve; Its colors are put on too straight; And, see, it only has one curve. —Chicago Record.

Couldn't Believe It. Nodd—"Yes, old man, this is the same dress-suit I was married in." Todd—"Great Scott! have you been married as long as that?"

Amusing. "What are you laughing at?" "I just heard the meanest man in town telling how blamed mean the next meanest is."—Truth.

Woman's Mysterious Guide. Murray—"Women are guided by instinct rather than by reason." Hill—"I guess you are right. Whatever it is it is past the power of man."

His Line. Cast A. Way—"Yes, madam, I've been a solicitor for thirty years." Mrs. Farmkins—"A solicitor?" Cast A. Way—"Yes'm. I solicit bread an' meat."

Sure Indication. "How do you know that stranger is from Brooklyn?" "He registered at the hotel as from Greater New York."—Philadelphia North American.

Time Filled Up. Barclay—"That fellow Vokes doesn't know anything." Vesey—"Well, he hasn't time to learn. He spends all his time reading the Sunday papers."—Truth.

Similar Symptoms. Attorney—"Are you a married man?" Humble Witness—"No; I was hurt in a sawmill last week—that's what makes me look so bad."—Puck.

A Great Bore. Little Boreham (relating his Alpine adventures)—"There I stood, the terrible abyss yawning at my feet." The Brute Brown—"Was it yawning when you got there, or did it start after you arrived?"

Deceitfully Advertised. "Bobby cried dreadfully when we got out in the country." "What was the matter with him?" "He said the wild flowers weren't as thick as they were in the pictures."—Chicago Record.

Reap the Benefit. Crummer—"Poor Anderson is under a cloud." Gilleland—"But every cloud has a silver lining." Crummer—"True, but the lawyers will get it in this case."

It Depends. She—"Oh, bother this wind and dust!" He—"They say a speck of dust is worth a king's ransom." She—"Not when it's in your eye." He—"It all depends who's eye it's in."—Fun.

Waiting for Nature's Aid. "Why don't you ever clean the streets of this town?" asked a visitor of a native of Nebraska. "Oh, a cyclone will come along one of these days and do it for us," was the contented reply.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Encouraging. Caller—"Boss in?" Office Boy—"Nope." Caller—"When's the best time to see him?" O. B.—"When he's in good humor." Caller—"When's that?" O. B.—"Never." Caller—"Good-day." O. B.—"Good-day."—New York Journal.

A Sympathetic Judge. "I make whisky," said the moonshiner, "to make shoes for my little children!" The Judge seemed touched, for he had children of his own. "I sympathize with you," he said, "and I am going to send you to the Ohio Penitentiary where you can follow the shoe business for two years!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Fortunate Time. Mr. Dodson—"Quick Mary, get your things on; we will go over and call on the Hobsons." Mrs. Dodson—"O John! you know well enough how I detest calling on these people." Mr. Dodson—"Yes, I know! That is the reason I want you to go now. I just saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson leave their house and go down the street."—Puck.

Heart on the Right Side. In a hospital at Florence, Italy, a patient was submitted to the X rays, when, to the astonishment of the operators, it was discovered that his heart was on the right side instead of the left. This did not appear to trouble the patient in any way. It may be remembered that Picchiatti, the noted scientist, also had his heart on the right side, and that he died at sixty-four years of age without ever having been seriously ill.

\$5000 a Week for Board. Queen Victoria paid \$5000 a week for the west wing of the Hotel Regina at Cimiez. The wing contains 150 rooms, which were occupied by Her Majesty and suite. It was engaged for four weeks, with the understanding that should she desire to prolong her stay it would be at her disposal.